VERTIGO
OBI
ISSUE 5 of 6
MOENCH
GULACY
PALMIOTTI
Aug 2002
2.50 can 4.25
NEW EARTH
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS
S.E.X. SPY
TM
GULACY
DIRECT SALES
00511
7 61941 23022 1
vertigocomics.com

S.C.I. SPY

Version 1.5

Story by
DOUG MOENCH &
PAUL GULACY

Pencilled by
PAUL GULACY

Inked by
JIMMY PALMIOTTI

Colored by
PAUL MOUNTS

Lettered by
CLEM ROBINS

Cover by
PAUL GULACY

Asst. Editor
ZACHARY RAU

Editor
WILL DENNIS

Agent Isis Nile's report cv-101.86
Transmission to Motherbank

< Starchild has a plan. It's not a good one but it s a plan. After what we've learned, we have to do something. The danger to the Arcturus System (see supplementary file: Arcturus System: rlyf-mothbank.arcturus-xb04.mx [172.20.105.105]) is imminent and clear. We are entering the Wormhole (see supplementary file: Wormhole: kjf - mothbank.wormhole-fysd.tro[054.098.122]). Hopefully the Xenos (see supplementary file: Xeno: uit%-mothbank.xenos-hhd53.kf[273.890.105]) and the solution to our problem lie at the other end. Consider this my last transmission.

Signal Lost.....
Signal Lost.....
Signal Lost.....

JENETTE KAHN, President & Editor-in-Chief PAUL LEVITZ, Executive Vice President & Publisher
KAREN BERGER, VP-Executive Editor WILL DENNIS, Editor ZACHARY RAU, Assistant Editor
GEORG BREWER, VP-Design & Retail Product Development
RICHARD BRUNING, VP-Creative Director PATRICK CALDON, Senior VP-Finance & Operations
TERRI CUNNINGHAM, VP-Managing Editor DAN DIDIO, VP-Editorial
JOEL EHRLICH, Senior VP-Advertising & Promotions
ALISON GILL, VP-Manufacturing LILLIAN LASERSON, VP & General Counsel
JIM LEE, Editorial Director-WildStorm DAVID McKILLIPS, VP-Advertising
JOHN NEE, VP-Business Development
CHERYL RUBIN, VP-Licensing & Merchandising BOB WAYNE, VP-Sales & Marketing

SCI-SPY 5. August, 2002. Published monthly by DC Comics, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.
Copyright © 2002 Doug Moench and Paul Gulacy. All Rights Reserved. All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Doug Moench and Paul Gulacy. Vertigo is a trademark of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. Printed on recyclable paper. DC Comics does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories or artwork.
Printed in Canada.
DC Comics. A division of Warner Bros.-An AOL Time Warner Company

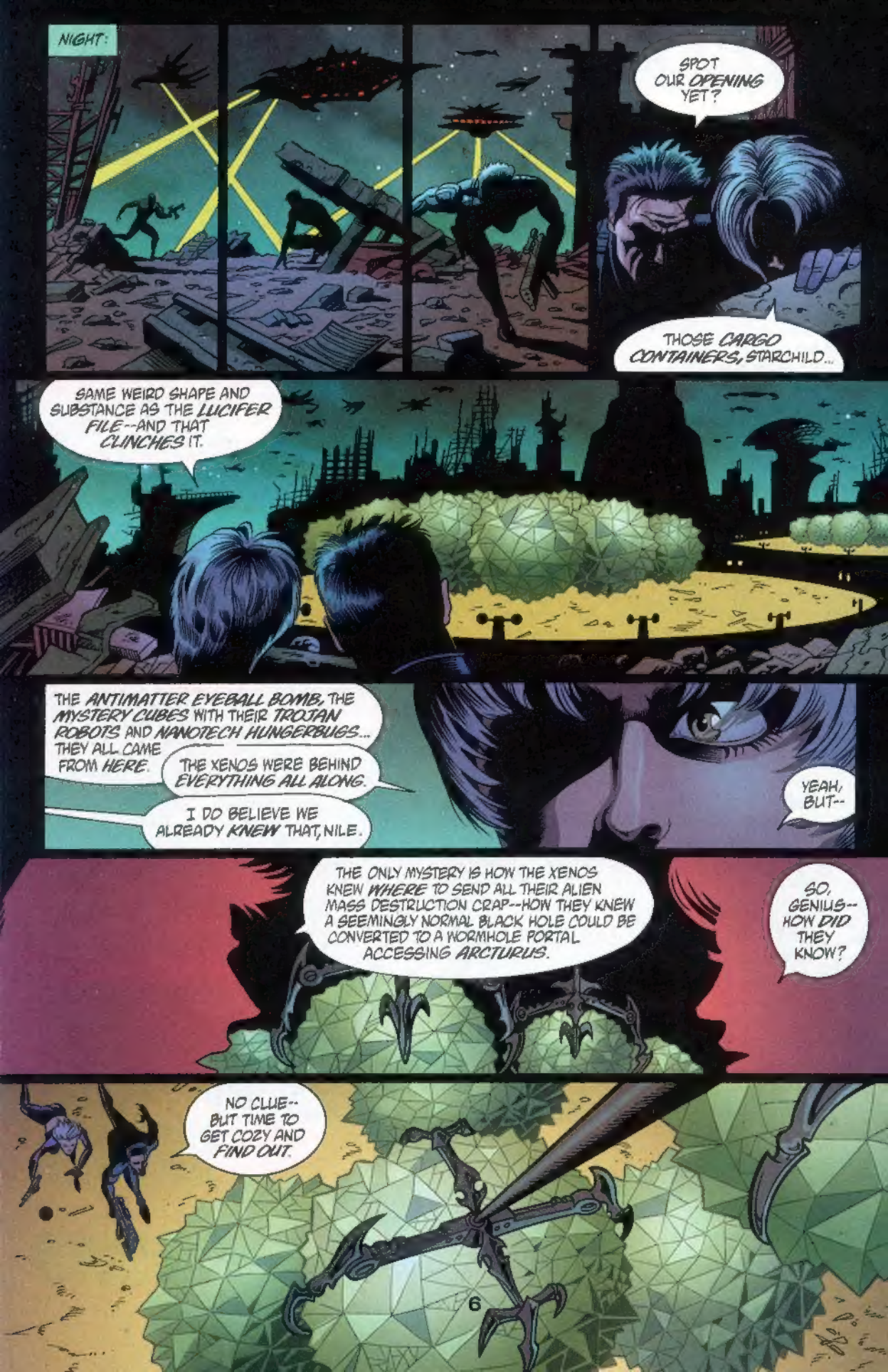
PART FIVE
NEW EARTH
HUMANITY'S HOMEWORLD, A THOUSAND YEARS AFTER OCCUPATION AND GENOCIDE:
REMIND ME, STARCHILD-- YOUR LOVE FOR THIS WRETCHED PLANET IS BASED ON WHAT?
SHUT UP AND BOLT FOR THE RUBBLE, NILE! GRAB SOME COVER FAST!
BRILLIANT STRATEGY...

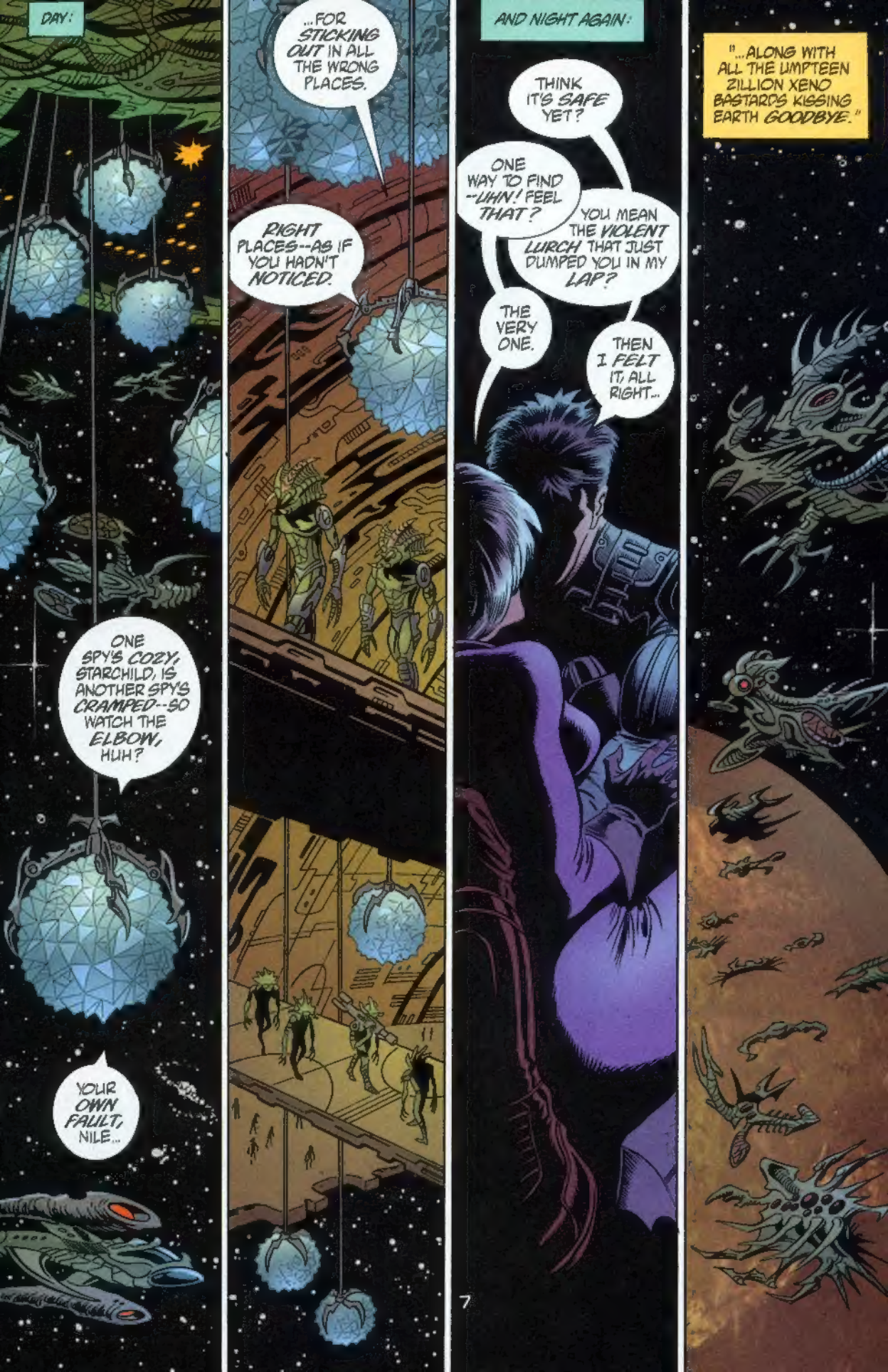
...BUT I DON'T THINK WE'LL MAKE IT.
YOU'RE RIGHT.
CHUN CHUN CHUN
TOO MANY OF THEM.
MAKE A STAND! CUT DOWN THE PURSUIT!
CHUN CHUN
BAOUM
SPIKE-SKULLED BASTARDS.
ZOP ZOP

SPAK
PAK
NOW WE'LL MAKE IT.
GO!
CHUN
BUKSH
I'LL FINISH THEM!
ZOP ZOP ZOP
LIKE HELL YOU WILL.
LAST OF THE XENOS ROASTING NOW, SEBASTIAN.
SCHARK
YOU'RE CLEAR.
FAR FROM THE LAST OF THEM, ORB--AND WE'RE FAR FROM CLEAR...

"IN FACT, WE'RE ALREADY TOO LATE."
MY GOD, STARCHILD--A SHIP CANNIBALIZED FROM THE CITY ITSELF...BIG ENOUGH TO TRANSPORT MILLIONS...
AND THEY'RE BOARDING, NILE--READY TO ABANDON TRASHED EARTH JUST AS THEY JUNKED THEIR OWN RUINED WORLD MORE THAN A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.
MY HOME...THE PLANET OF MY BIRTH...DESTROYED BY INVADERS FROM THE OTHER END OF THE UNIVERSE...EVIL SCUM WHO COULDN'T MAKE THEIR OWN WORLD WORK, SO THEY HIJACKED OURS...
AND NOW THEY'RE EMBARKING ON ANOTHER EXODUS-INVASION.
PROBABLY WITH SHIPS LIKE THAT ABOVE EVERY MAJOR CITY ON THE PLANET--ALL PREPARING TO ENTER THE BLACK HOLE, PASS THROUGH THE WORMHOLE SHORTCUT, AND POP OUT NEAR ARCTURUS...
...READY TO FINISH OFF THE HUMAN RACE AND TAKE OVER THEIR NEXT HOMES.

"SO MUCH FOR OUR RECON MISSION, NILE..."
EVEN IF WE STILL HAD A SHIP, WE'D HARDLY GET BACK TO ARCTURUS IN TIME TO DO ANY GOOD.
AND AS IT IS, WE'RE ABOUT TO BE STRANDED HERE--WITH NO WAY TO WARN ANYONE.
SO WE FLIP TO PLAN B--AND STOP THE INVASION.
YEAH, SURE...PIECE OF CAKE.
STAR-CHILD, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
JUST LOOKING AT WHAT'S LEFT, NILE... AND WONDERING ABOUT MY PARENTS.
YOUR PARENTS--?
WHAT ARE YOU--
THEY DIED A THOUSAND YEARS AGO...SOMEWHERE HERE ON EARTH...AFTER LAUNCHING THEIR FROZEN CHILD INTO THE SLIM HOPE OF INFINITY...
BUT WHAT HAPPENED THEN?
WHERE ARE THEIR REMAINS?
SNAP OUT OF IT, STARCHILD.
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE THEY ARE, NOT NOW, NOT WITH OUR OWN BONES TO WORRY ABOUT.
EASY NILE, I'M STILL WITH YOU--AND PLAN B IT IS.
WE WAIT FOR COVER OF DARK, SPOT OUR OPENING...
...AND KICK ALIEN ASS.

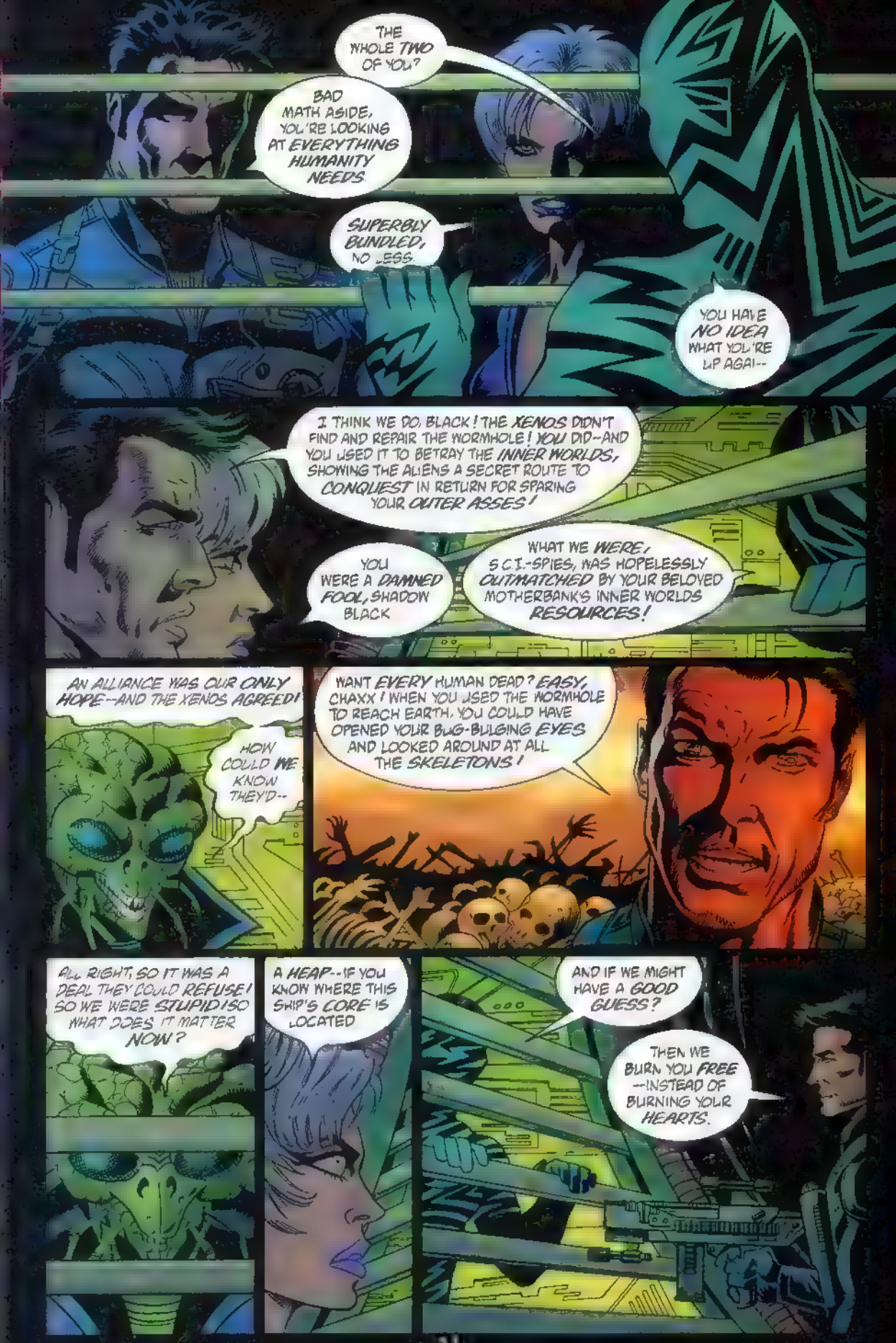

NIGHT:
SPOT OUR OPENING YET?
THOSE CARGO CONTAINERS, STARCHILD...
SAME WEIRD SHAPE AND SUBSTANCE AS THE LUCIFER FILE--AND THAT CLINCHES IT.
THE ANTIMATTER EYEBALL BOMB, THE MYSTERY CUBES WITH THEIR TROJAN ROBOTS AND NANOTECH HUNGERBUGS... THEY ALL CAME FROM HERE.
THE XENOS WERE BEHIND EVERYTHING ALL ALONG.
I DO BELIEVE WE ALREADY KNEW THAT, NILE.
YEAH, BUT--
THE ONLY MYSTERY IS HOW THE XENOS KNEW WHERE TO SEND ALL THEIR ALIEN MASS DESTRUCTION CRAP--HOW THEY KNEW A SEEMINGLY NORMAL BLACK HOLE COULD BE CONVERTED TO A WORMHOLE PORTAL ACCESSING ARCTURUS.
SO, GENIUS--HOW DID THEY KNOW?
NO CLUE--BUT TIME TO GET COZY AND FIND OUT.

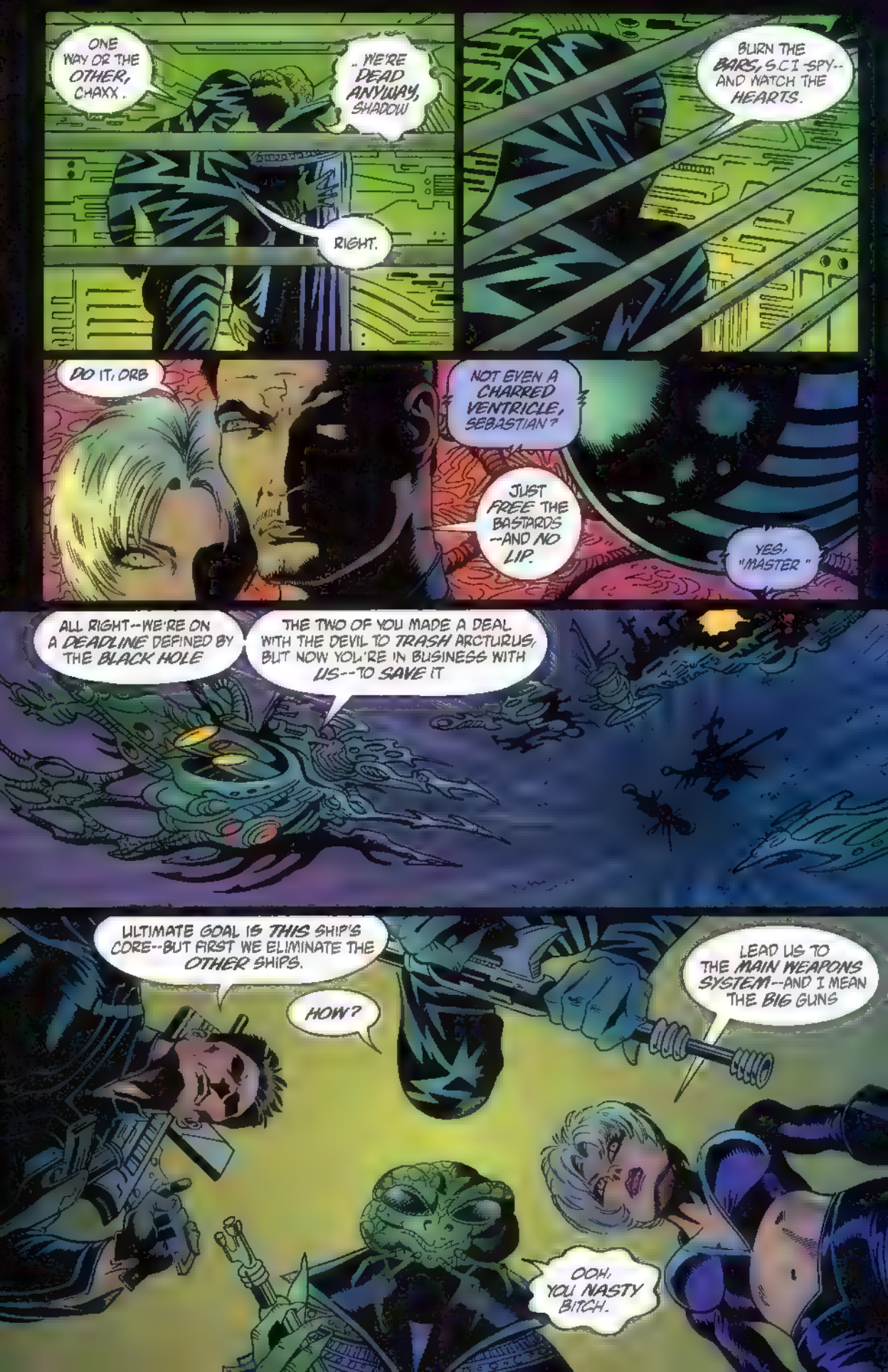

DAY:
ONE SPY'S COZY, STARCHILD, IS ANOTHER SPY'S CRAMPED--SO WATCH THE ELBOW, HUH?
YOUR OWN FAULT, NILE...
...FOR STICKING OUT IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES.
RIGHT PLACES--AS IF YOU HADN'T NOTICED.
AND NIGHT AGAIN:
THINK IT'S SAFE YET?
ONE WAY TO FIND --UHN! FEEL THAT?
YOU MEAN THE VIOLENT LURCH THAT JUST DUMPED YOU IN MY LAP?
THE VERY ONE.
THEN I FELT IT, ALL RIGHT...
"...ALONG WITH ALL THE UMPTEEN ZILLION XENO BASTARDS KISSING EARTH GOODBYE."

WHICH MEANS THE EXODUS-INVASION IS UNDER WAY--AND COZY OR CRAMPED--
..WE'RE OUT OF THIS DAMNED THING
ALL CLEAR, ORB?
SO FAR, SO GOOD. STOWAWAY STATUS STILL SECURE
THAT WAS ORB I WAS SITTING ON?
CUTE, NILE--BUT WHAT WAS PLAN B AGAIN?
STOP THE INVASION.
RIGHT
MAYBE THIS WAY.
BUT LIKELY NOT.
IF YOU'VE GOT A BETTER W--
SHH! FROM BELOW--ALIEN GIBBERISH.
BUT WE HAD A DEAL.
PLUS SOMETHING MORE FAMILIAR, IN THE GRATINGLY HOLLOW VOICE OF--
--SHADOW BLACK
YOU CAN'T BACK OUT NOW.

PRECISELY.
I KNOW--BUT THE CHAXXES AND I ASSUMED HE WOULD JOIN US!
HOW COULD WE KNOW THE OUTER WORLDS MAGISTRATE WOULD REJECT OUR OFFER--
--LET ALONE STUFF AND MOUNT YOUR ASSASSINATED EMISSARY?
BRILLIANT, CHAXX--REMIND HIM AGAIN, WHY DON'T YOU?
BOOSHT
HEY!
MY LAST TWO CLONES!
POOSHT
THAT WAS UNCALLED FOR, XENO BULLY--NOT TO MENTION EXPENSIVE!
OUR DEAL CAN STILL WORK!
YOU GET THE INNER WORLDS --AND WE OWN THE OUTERS!
NO WAY THE XENOS KEEP THAT BARGAIN.
LOOKS AS DE BLACK AND CHAXX ARE STILL HUMAN-
--AND ONLY BEING KEPT ALIVE FOR THEIR KNOWLEDGE AND GUIDANCE ONCE THE INVASION REACHES ARCTURUS.
SLEAZY PROSPECT, BUT WE NEED THEIR KNOWLEDGE AND GUIDANCE RIGHT HERE AND NOW

TEK
VMMM
SHUFT
CHUD
AOW!
NOW I'M REALLY PISSED!
OR NOT.
"HATE TO SAY IT, NILE ..
SLAM
PLPT
". BUT IT COULD SAVE TIME."
KZH
ZH
ZHT
HYELLO!
SCHARK
SCHARK
AND GOON-BYE!
YOU! YOU DID ESCAPE INFERNO.. BUT WHAT THE HELLS ARE YOU DOING HERE?!
WE'RE CALLING IT PLAN B, SHADOW BLACK
STOPPING THE INVASION AND SAVING THE WORLD--TIMES TWENTY-THREE.
ALL THE ARCTURAN WORLDS


THE WHOLE TWO OF YOU?
BAD MATH ASIDE, YOU'RE LOOKING AT EVERYTHING HUMANITY NEEDS.
SUPERBLY BUNDLED, NO LESS.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE UP AGAI--
I THINK WE DO, BLACK! THE XENOS DIDN'T FIND AND REPAIR THE WORMHOLE! YOU DID--AND YOU USED IT TO BETRAY THE INNER WORLDS, SHOWING THE ALIENS A SECRET ROUTE TO CONQUEST IN RETURN FOR SPARING YOUR OUTER ASSES!
YOU WERE A DAMNED FOOL, SHADOW BLACK
WHAT WE WERE, S.C.I.-SPIES, WAS HOPELESSLY OUTMATCHED BY YOUR BELOVED MOTHERBANK'S INNER WORLDS RESOURCES!
AN ALLIANCE WAS OUR ONLY HOPE--AND THE XENOS AGREED!
HOW COULD WE KNOW THEY'D--
WANT EVERY HUMAN DEAD? EASY, CHAXX! WHEN YOU USED THE WORMHOLE TO REACH EARTH, YOU COULD HAVE OPENED YOUR BUG-BULGING EYES AND LOOKED AROUND AT ALL THE SKELETONS!
ALL RIGHT, SO IT WAS A DEAL THEY COULD REFUSE! SO WE WERE STUPID! SO WHAT DOES IT MATTER NOW?
A HEAP--IF YOU KNOW WHERE THIS SHIP'S CORE IS LOCATED
AND IF WE MIGHT HAVE A GOOD GUESS?
THEN WE BURN YOU FREE --INSTEAD OF BURNING YOUR HEARTS.


ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, CHAXX.
..WE'RE DEAD ANYWAY, SHADOW
RIGHT.
BURN THE BARS, S.C.I -SPY-- AND WATCH THE HEARTS.
DO IT, ORB
NOT EVEN A CHARRED VENTRICLE, SEBASTIAN?
JUST FREE THE BASTARDS --AND NO LIP.
YES, "MASTER"
ALL RIGHT--WE'RE ON A DEADLINE DEFINED BY THE BLACK HOLE
THE TWO OF YOU MADE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL TO TRASH ARCTURUS, BUT NOW YOU'RE IN BUSINESS WITH US--TO SAVE IT
ULTIMATE GOAL IS THIS SHIP'S CORE--BUT FIRST WE ELIMINATE THE OTHER SHIPS.
HOW?
LEAD US TO THE MAIN WEAPONS SYSTEM--AND I MEAN THE BIG GUNS
OOH, YOU NASTY BITCH.

CHUN
SRUKSH
RRRRR
REMEMBER, NILE..
CHUN
.. THE REST OF THE ARMADA WON'T SUSPECT ONE OF THEIR OWN.
SO DO IT FAST --AND DON'T BLOW THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE.
LINKNOT, STARCHILD
IF THIS SYSTEM'S GOT MULTI-TARGET SPLASH, I'LL FIND IT
CRIPPLE WILL DO.
NO NEED TO DESTROY.
JUST MAKE SURE THIS IS THE ONLY SHIP TO REACH THE BLACK HOLE.
YEAH, YEAH, JUST LET ME
GOT IT!
STAB THAT SQUARE BLUE BUTTON ON THE COUNT OF THREE
ONE
TWO.

"...THREE"
IT WORKED, STARCHILD! PLAN B LIVES!
I'M READING DAMAGE TO EVERY TARGET IN THE VICINITY-- AND THEY'RE ALL FALLING AWAY.

..LEAVING THIS SHIP ALONE ON TRACK
ALL RIGHT, BLACK --WHERE'S THE CORE?
RIGHT NOW, IN A VERY BAD PLACE.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TRYING TO--
EASY, S.C.I-SPY..
WE'RE NOT XENOS TRYING TO BACK OUT OF A DEAL
IT'S JUST THAT THE SHIP'S CORE IS LOCATED DOWN THERE.
..INSIDE THAT CENTRAL PILLAR --AND RIGHT IN THE THICK OF SOME RATHER ALARMED ALIENS.
IF I HAD TO GUESS, SHADOW, I'D SAY THEY'RE RUSHING TO INVESTIGATE A PROBLEM WITH THEIR MAIN WEAPONS SYSTEM.

LOOKS LIKE PLAN B'S COMING UNDER HEAVY ASSAULT, NILE.
YEP-- GOOD THING I'M A ONE-WOMAN ARMY.
FACE IT--WE'RE OUTNUMBERED AND OVERWHELMED
FAR TOO MANY XENOS FOR THE FOUR OF US TO--
SHE WASN'T KIDDING, CHAXX--AND WE'RE A LOT MORE THAN FOUR
WHAT ARE YOU--
JUST BACK OFF AND BEHOLD
ALL RIGHT, NILE--TIME TO TURN OFF AND OPEN UP.
WHAT THE--?!
KLHZH
HHHHH
MY GOD, SHE...
SHE'S NOT REAL.
I TOLD YOU, BLACK--YOUR MATH IS BAD.
PARTY TIME.
LET'S GO! OUT!

BUT SHE ..SHE'S--
AN ANDROID DUPLICATE OF AGENT ISIS NILE
ABOUT TIME, STARCHILD-- AFTER ALL THE BOREDOM STASHED INSIDE.
A "TROJAN ROBOT" OF OUR OWN--FITTED WITH AN INTERNAL TESSERACT..
.. EXTRADIMENSIONAL TRANSPORT FOR A SMALL CAMOUFLAGED ARMY OF S.C.I.-SPY AGENTS..
.. MUCH LIKE GREEK SOLDIERS SMUGGLED INTO THE ANCIENT EARTH CITY OF TROY.
EXCEPT THE NILE-BOT HAS MORE ROOM FOR AMENITIES THAN A WOODEN HORSE—
..INCLUDING, THANK GOD, A FULLY FUNCTIONAL LADIES' ROOM.

HEADS UP AND LET IT RIP!
HERE THEY COME!
AND GIVEN THEIR NUMBERS, STARCHILD, THE NILE-BOT SHOULD'VE BEEN EVEN ROOMIER--OUR RANKS SQUARED, IF NOT CUBED!
WE'VE GOT THE HIGH GROUND! USE IT TO SLAP 'EM BACK AND PIN 'EM DOWN!

KAWHOOH!
WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWING EVERYTHING FROM INSIDE, STARCHILD, THROUGH THE EYE-CAMS OF THE TESSERACT-BOT--WHICH, BY THE WAY, WOULD'VE FOOLED ME!
BECAUSE IT'S BEEN RUNNING ON A MIND-CHIP MELD OF THE REAL NILE'S CONSCIOUSNESS!
EXACTLY LIKE THE REAL ISIS NILE!
NO SHIT--BUT EVEN THESE DAYS, MIND-CHIPS ARE RARELY THAT SMOOTH AND CONVINCING!
WIZARD DOES GOOD WORK--AND MOTHERBANK OWES A FAT BONUS!
EXCEPT MOTHERBANK DOESN'T EVEN KNOW ABOUT THIS LUNATIC MISSION OF YOURS!
SO SHE'LL LEARN--WHEN SHE GETS WIZARD'S BILL!

FIGURE'S -- ACTION'S ALREADY HOT.
AND WHY AM I ALWAYS THE LAST AGENT DEPLOYED?
SPLAKSH
OOPS.
DRAMATIC TIMING, I GUESS.
EASY MARKS DOWN THERE, BUT TOO MANY FISH IN THE BARREL! WE NEED A FASTER ROUTE TO THE CORE!
LINES, ORB-- THREE OF THEM!
WHY THREE, S.C.I.-SPY?
SHIK SHK SHK
TO HELP TWO WORMS TURN--IN THE DIRECTION OF REDEMPTION!
GRAB YOUR LINES, WORMS!
AND HOLD TIGHT--WE SWINGERS GONNA ZIGZAG!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT WHIPPING US LOOSE, ORB!
CHUN CHUN CHUN
JUST EVADE!
THIS IS WHAT YOU CALL "PLAN B"?
IT'S CALLED STOPPING THE INVASION, CHAXX, BY DESTROYING THIS SHIP--AND USING ITS DESTRUCTION TO SEVER THE WORMHOLE!
AND HOW DO WE-- UHN!
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!
SHIP MUST'VE REACHED THE GRAVITY WELL--WHICH MEANS WE'RE ENTERING THE BLACK HOLE NOW...
...AND THAT MEANS WE'RE ALMOST OUT OF TIME!
POP YOUR TESSERACT, ORB!
ZHEEM
I'M OPEN, BABY--SO JUST BE GENTLE, HUH?

DAMN THING'S STASHED IN HERE SOMEWHERE ...ALONG WITH ALL OF WIZARD'S OTHER CRAP...BUT WHERE THE--
GOT IT!
A CROC-CLAWED SQUEEZE-BOT'S LEFT EYEBALL--OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE ANTIMATTER BOMB YOU AND THE XENOS PAID ATTILA LAZLO TO SMUGGLE ONTO INNER WORLD PRIMUS...
UH-OH.
CHAXX, I DO BELIEVE HE'S HOLDING--
AND ONCE ITS VIRIDIOL SHELL IS CRACKED--
THE RELEASED ANTIMATTER WILL CHAIN-REACT WITH THE CORE'S POSITIVE MATTER--
--AS WE COMMIT ATOMIZED SUICIDE.
PRECISELY, BLACK--EXCEPT GOOD GUYS CALL IT ATOMIZED SACRIFICE.
CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE:
PART VI INVASION